

Oxford Democrat.

No. 26, Vol. 3, New Series.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

George W. Gillett,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty cents in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms. The Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance, and no credit will be given for a longer period than three months.

COMMUNICATIONS and LETTERS on business must be Post-Paid to insure attention.

Book and Job Printing

Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

A DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER'S SOLILOQUY.

Yes, it is so! two years have flown,
Since first I took my paper;
T'me sa'ly comes ere it's gone,
Like t'ent blare of toper.

Could I keep p.c. with his career,
(Though e'er it's a 'oy,)
And pay my p.c.'s b.l.s., each year,
T're not so sad as a o.y.

But now, near tw'ce twelve months, I find
The prints have been doing
Aid doing neglig'e co' le in no,
And I've not paid a shill'g.

The bill is now four dollars—near—
It gives me in, 'o' th'k it;

When I have sp'nt tw' e' bat, each year,
For many a less'g take.

Alas! how could I wrong the man,
Who long has sent me weekly,
So rich a treasure, and who can
Endure such treatment at weekly?

Of late I've suffered much from fear,
And mortal perturbation,
Lest I should see my name appear
In black list publication.

But thanks to Providence, most kind,
And Printer's long forbearance,
I will now ease my troubled mind,
By paying off my clearance.

The e's left me now—ah, let me see
From wages of last winter,
Only a solitary V.
And that shall pay the printer.

My negligence in time that's past,
I hope he'll not think hard on,
For I will pay him well at last,
And humbly beg his pardon.

THE TREE OF DEATH.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Let the king of the grave be asked to tell
The plant he loveth best,
And it will not be the cypress-tree,
Though 'tis over the church-yard guest;
He will not mark the hemlock dark,
Nor stay where the night shade spreads;
He will not say 'tis the sombre yew,
Though it spring o'er skeletons' heads;
He will not point 'o' the willow branch,
Where breaking spirits pine beneath,
For a brighter leaf sheds deeper grief,
And a fairer tree is the tree of death.

But where the green, rich stalks are seen,
Where the ripe fruit gush and shine,
"This, this," cries he, "is the tree for me—
The vine, the beautiful vine!"
I crouch among the emerald leaves,
Gemm'd with the ruby grapes,
I dip my sphere in the poison here,
And he is strong that escapes.
Crowds dance round, with satty bound,
Till my dart is hurled from its traitor sheath;
When I shriek with glee, no friend to me
Is so true as the vine, the tree of death."

Oh! the glossy vine has a serpent charm,
It bears an unblust fruit;
There's a taint about each tendril'd arm,
And a curse upon its root.
Its juice may flow to warm the brow,
And wildly lighten the eye,
But the frenzied mirth of a revelling crew
Will make the wise man sigh;
For the maniac laugh, the trembling frame,
The idiot speech and pestilential breath,
The shattered mind, the blasted frame,
Are wrought by the vine, the tree of death.

Fif, fill the glass, and let it pass;
But yo' who quaff o' th' think
That even the heart that loves must loathe
The lips that deeply drink.
The b east may mourn o'er a close link torn,
And the scalding drops may roll i
Than the wreck of a living soul.

Then a health to the hemlock, the express and yew,
The worm-hiding tomb, and the willow wreath,
For though shading the tomb, they fling not a gloom
So dark as the vine, the 're of death.

THE NEWSBOY. It is astonishing how, thrown on the world at an early age to take care of themselves, the wit and general character of these little fellows is refined—they have always a ready reply. When a year ago or more the Harper's establishment was burnt out and their water damaged books were hawked about the streets, an urchin insisted that we should buy him a volume of Mosheim's Church History. We turned over the damp leaves, and handed it back, saying, "It's the second volume only." "O, well," he replied, "you won't want to read more than one, tain't very interesting."

"Most too dry, we guess," was our answer. "O, if that's all," he cried, holding up a well-soaked volume, "here's one wetter, a great sight."—Napier's Reminiscences.

DIETETICS. There is no end, it would seem, to the variety of opinions respecting rules of diet, and the effects of different kinds of food upon the health of human beings. While some ascribe great virtues to a diet exclusively vegetable, others look upon such means of nutrition as utterly insufficient to the healthy invigoration of the system. It has been generally supposed, however, that vegetable food was best adapted to warm climates, and that colder latitudes required the more stimulating nourishment of animal food. But the testimony of Sir Francis Head respecting the Guachos, inhabitants of the Pampas in South America, would lead to a conclusion somewhat different. Sir Francis, after retiring from his Governorship of Upper Canada, traveled very extensively in South America, where he had an opportunity of learning a great deal of the habits of the Guachos. After stating that they often continue on horseback day after day, galloping over their boundless plains, under a burning sun, and performing labors almost of an incredible description, he remarks—

"As the constant food of the Guacho is *beef* & *water*, his constitution is so strong that he is able to endure great fatigue, and the distances he will ride, and the number of hours he will remain on horse back, would be hardly credited." Sir Francis Head also brings his own personal experience in proof of the correctness of the above statement. "When I first crossed the Pampas," he remarked, "I went with a carriage, and although I had been accustomed to riding all my life, I could not at all ride with the persons (drivers of the carriage,) and after galloping five or six hours, was obliged to get into the carriage, but after I had been riding three or four months and living upon beef and water, I found myself in a certain condition, which I can only describe by saying that I felt no exertion could kill me. For a week I could daily be upon my horse before sunrise, and ride till two or three hours after sunset, and have really tired out ten or twelve horses. This will explain the immense distances which the people in South America are said to ride, which could only be done on beef and water."

How much of the power of endurance thus exhibited is to be ascribed to the constant habit of activity, and how much to this peculiar diet of beef and water, is a question which it is not for us to determine. The fact, however, here stated is well enough authenticated to entitle it to its just weight.

THE HEAT OF CEYLON. Col. Campbell, in a work entitled "Excursions, Adventures and Field Sports in Ceylon," (just published in London,) speaking of the excessive heat of the climate, says—

But how often have I felt afterwards, in passing through or residing in the forests of Ceylon, how awfully impressive is the stillness of noon.—Every animal seeks the deepest shade. The fish conceal themselves at the bottom of rivers or lakes, except where the over-hanging foliage screens them from the heat of the noon sun. Not bird is on the wing; and all nature seems as it were to be at rest, were it not that the almost appalling silence is broken only to be made the more impressive, by the continued low buzz or humming of thousands of insects. How powerfully have I felt, in the thickly wooded neighborhood of Matura, all this combination of the great and little of so much that is wonderful in nature! But as soon as the evening begins to be somewhat cool, the world seems again to start into new life. Every creature is in motion, and in search of its prey, or of the food it requires; some kind or other, which the Almighty has so bountifully provided for them all. The wild fowl, of various kinds, fly in large flocks towards their haunts; the Pea and Jungle fowl call their respective broods around them for the night; even the Jackal begins to howl for its prey. Numbers of flowers, which had closed their leaves before the scorching beams of the sun, now gently unfold them, and remain open so as to receive the dew which generally falls so abundantly. Here also the pretty moonflower among the rest, the leaves of which had been closed during the day, open completely as if to behold the sun's grandeur, as he takes his leave of us in surprising brilliancy! It is generally believed that birds within the tropics, though they have much more splendid plumage than those we find in Europe, cannot sing; this is not the case here; for several of them have the sweetest notes that I ever listened to; and one in particular sings so delightfully as to have acquired the name of the Ceylon Nightingale.

SLEEPING APARTMENTS OF THE SYRIANS. Having touched on such sacred ground as the sleeping apartments of the ladies, I may as well acquaint the reader that to such the term "bedroom" would be quite misplaced; throughout Syria the couch of repose consists of a mattress and padded quilts, on which the occupant stretches him or herself, frequently without undressing at all; and, on rising in the morning, and performing a slight ablution, the bed is rolled up & stowed away in a closet. Such a "private wash" as above described, may not, perhaps, be deemed consistent with our ideas of cleanliness; however, the deficiency is commonly made up by a couple of weekly ablutions at the public "hamams" or baths, where severe scrubbing, steaming, and parboiling soon clear off a multitude of sins. [Napier's Reminiscences.]

Tasso being told that he had an opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy, he said, "I wish not to plunder him, but there are things which I wish to take from him; not his honor, his wealth, nor his life—but his ill will."

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, November 7, 1843.

Old Series, No. 37, Vol. II.

MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON. This debt to the memory of the Father of his Country is in a fair way to be paid. Men of both parties seem united in the wish to have the work done and worthily. The site of the monument and the plan of construction have not been finally decided upon. Those who love to concentrate all objects of interest in one point, will probably think of the lower end of the Park, that the Hall, the Institute, the Fountain and the Monument may each assist to heighten the attraction of the others. Those who would have the honor thus paid to the first General of true freedom serve as a moral lesson to every stranger that lands on our shores, would prefer the Battery. Others like best the new Square in the upper part of the city. Of all the suggestions we have seen, that of the Brother Jonathan is (like itself) most heartily American. It proposes to erect the Monument in the midst of the "Five Points." The place wants purifying, and there the Monument would not only be an ornament but a positive blessing to the city. This is taking republican ground for an equal diffusion of decency and respectability, and certainly if ever any quarter of our city needed a reforming infusion of decency, it is Dicens Place. It is rightly termed the Plague Spot, for that labyrinth of foul, disease engendering streets, is germinated an amount of crime and misery that would frighten any Christian people into some efforts at remedy. If a subscription for that purpose was set on foot, there there is no doubt money enough might be raised—with some aid from the city, perhaps, to open Anthony and Leeward streets, through to Chatham, and give space for a Monument square. This would at once cord a healthy, purifying current into the den of iniquity, and (what is much needed) open a direct thoroughfare from the North River to Catharine street and the East River. N. Y. Sun.

ANECDOTE OF THE MAYOR OF TIVERTON. During the time when Wesley and Whitefield were gaining so many converts in many parts of England, the former came one day to preach at Tiverton. This created considerable excitement in town, and the mayor, fearing some riot might ensue, issued his proclamation, commanding Wesley to desist, as it was dangerous to the peace and good order that he should preach at that place. Oh being remonstrated with, he made the following laconic reply: "I don't see what occasion there can be for any new religion in Tiverton. Why do we want another way of going to heaven when there's so many already?"

THE HEAT OF CEYLON. Col. Campbell, in a work entitled "Excursions, Adventures and Field Sports in Ceylon," (just published in London,) speaking of the excessive heat of the climate, says—

But how often have I felt afterwards, in passing through or residing in the forests of Ceylon, how awfully impressive is the stillness of noon.—Every animal seeks the deepest shade. The fish conceal themselves at the bottom of rivers or lakes, except where the over-hanging foliage screens them from the heat of the noon sun. Not bird is on the wing; and all nature seems as it were to be at rest, were it not that the almost appalling silence is broken only to be made the more impressive, by the continued low buzz or humming of thousands of insects. How powerfully have I felt, in the thickly wooded neighborhood of Matura, all this combination of the great and little of so much that is wonderful in nature! But as soon as the evening begins to be somewhat cool, the world seems again to start into new life. Every creature is in motion, and in search of its prey, or of the food it requires; some kind or other, which the Almighty has so bountifully provided for them all. The wild fowl, of various kinds, fly in large flocks towards their haunts; the Pea and Jungle fowl call their respective broods around them for the night; even the Jackal begins to howl for its prey. Numbers of flowers, which had closed their leaves before the scorching beams of the sun, now gently unfold them, and remain open so as to receive the dew which generally falls so abundantly. Here also the pretty moonflower among the rest, the leaves of which had been closed during the day, open completely as if to behold the sun's grandeur, as he takes his leave of us in surprising brilliancy! It is generally believed that birds within the tropics, though they have much more splendid plumage than those we find in Europe, cannot sing; this is not the case here; for several of them have the sweetest notes that I ever listened to; and one in particular sings so delightfully as to have acquired the name of the Ceylon Nightingale.

ABSENCE MIXED. The last instance of absent mindedness occurred at Cananagua a few nights since, which is related as follows:

As a party of ladies and gentlemen were waiting for the western train for Rochester, it being past midnight, they observed a gentle looking fellow who had for some time been asleep on one of the settees in the eating house at Cananagua, get up & proceeded towards the door with a large spit box in his hand, which he had taken up from the floor, thinking it was his hat. When at the door he made several unsuccessful attempts to fit it on his head; but finding it not suited to his head, he rubbed his forehead with an exclamation of "d—n it," and went back and deposited it on the floor, took his hat and sneaked out of the room, to the no small amusement of the spectators.

Few girls, whatever they may pretend, thoroughly dislike the man who makes them an offer. They may not choose him for a husband, but they at least owe him gratitude for his preference; he has flattered their pride in its most sensitive point, and it is impossible to hate him who has made us better love ourselves.

Dr. Franklin observed: "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine houses nor fine furniture."

REMARKABLE MEMORY. In a late letter, Henry Clay says: "Well do I remember when I first consented to become a candidate for President." That was a great many years ago.

Willis says: "We love women a little what we do know of them, and a great deal for what we do not."

Again: "Flirtation is a circulating library, in which we seldom ask twice for the same volume."

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.—Sterne.

ECONOMY. It is said that a lady removing from Philadelphia to Illinois saved the price of transportation of a featherbed by wearing it for a bustle.

CIVIL.—Do make yourselves at home ladies, said a female to her visitors one day, I'm quite at home myself, I can assure you, and I wish you all were.

PALENQUE.

BY GEORGE HARDING.

The discovery of our continent opened a new era to the world. It brought to light a people, whose existence was unknown to the rest of mankind. The origin of the earliest inhabitants of America has been, and perhaps will long continue to be, a subject of curious investigation.—There are several different suppositions as to the source from which the aborigines were derived; but no certain conclusions have yet been made.

In glancing over the different tribes who composed the inhabitants of North America, we find a race of people differing so strongly in various sections, that we can hardly conclude that they have been derived from the same origin and ancestry. On the one hand, we see the savage Esquimaux; on the other, the almost refined Mexican. These facts relate to the time of their first discovery; for the latter nation having been conquered by the Spaniards, became an altered people. When Cortez invaded Mexico, he found the natives abounding in wealth, and possessed of considerable knowledge in architecture, as well as in the rudiments of other arts. But from him we have received no complete account of the state of the Mexicans. Since his time, descriptions have been given of the remains of ancient cities that appeared to have been built by civilized communities. These are for the most part vague, and few statements of the real conditions of the ruins have as yet been obtained. Interest has again been aroused by the appearance of a work by Mr. Stephens, who has recently returned from a journey of discovery in Central America. He visited the cities of Copan and Palenque, besides several other localities, abounding in ancient ruins, of which his narrative contains a vivid description.

These cities of a forgotten empire are situated in or near Southern Mexico and Yucatan, in a region of very luxuriant vegetation; and it is owing to this circumstance that Palenque and Copan have been hidden in a dense forest, which is exceedingly difficult to penetrate. It is an astonishing fact, that the Spaniards living near are not fully acquainted with the ruins. They can throw but little light on the subject.

Mr. Stephens was informed that the remains of Palenque were discovered by a party of Spaniards, in 1750. He thinks their existence must have been known to the Indians from time immemorial. There is no mention of such a city in any known history, and we have no tradition relating to it. It has received the name of Palenque from before the year 1787, when Captain Antonio Del Rio visited the ruins; but his report was locked up in the archives of Guatemala until the revolution. It then came into the hands of an English gentleman, who published a translation in 1822. Dupain's work appeared in France in 1824. Shortly afterwards Lord Kingborough produced an account of Palenque, which sold for the sum of \$800 dollars per copy.

It will hardly be deemed necessary to enter into a diffuse and elaborate description of the remains of houses, palaces, altars, statues, pyramids and temples. It is impossible to contemplate such monuments of ancient art, without wondering at the skill, taste, and mechanical power of a people, who, we have every reason to believe, used tools of wood and stone, instead of instruments of iron.

Among the ruins, we are struck with the features delineated in the sculptured images. At first sight, we might conclude that such were the mere results of fancy; but a glance at the Indians found by the Spaniards in this portion of the world, tends to show that the ancient people of Mexico bore some resemblance to these savages. The flat heads, which is the prominent point of notice, can be explained from the custom which many American Indians have of compressing the cranium in infancy. All the antiquities of Central America abounds in hieroglyphics, which doubtless record the history of ancient nations. The remains of idols appear in many places. These are adorned with head ornaments, and in some instances are not unlike those of the old Egyptians. The palaces and temples are mostly in a ruined condition, and consist of a number of apartments, opening into courts and quadrangles. Many of the handsome edifices stand on pyramidal elevations. The entrance to most of these palaces is by a staircase with a doorway at the upper part, but no doors have as yet been discovered. The only stone statue found at Palenque was ten feet six inches high. Mr. Stephens thinks that it bears a strong resemblance to the Egyptian statues. It is ornamented with earrings and other representations of jewels. Several of the altars are in a nearly perfect state, and display an evident regard to architectural embellishment; and it's somewhat singular, that on one of the tablets there is sculptured a cross, before which two suppliants appear to be kneeling. This circumstance has given rise to many learned speculations with regard to Palenque. Dupain accounts for the appearance of the cross, from the fact that it had a symbolic meaning among ancient nations, before the time of our Saviour. The hieroglyphics seem to be almost Egyptian in their style and character; at any rate, it is probable that they are constructed on a similar system to those that have been discovered near the banks of the Nile.

As ocular demonstration, when practicable, is in all cases to be preferred to mere description, it will not probably be deemed inappropriate, by way of illustrating this portion of our subject, to present the reader with an engraving of one of the most remarkable of the idolatrous monuments of Central America. The sketch from which this engraving is taken was drawn for Mr. Stephens, the celebrated traveler, and the cut has been politely furnished by the publishers of this work, Messrs. Harper's of New York, to its features, to the calendar of Egypt and of Avi-

THE WEAVERS IN PHILADELPHIA. We are sorry to see that this oppressed class have been using violence to obtain a redress of grievances. This is all wrong. No good can come from such a course. The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times has the following:

THE STRIKE OF THE WEAVERS. The weavers commenced on Monday last, a scene of violence such as Philadelphia has of late entirely too often witnessed. The cause alleged was some difference upon the subject of wages. Wandering from this, at length, they proposed, we learn, to make a demonstration upon the offices of the Ledger and Times, for their sturdy opposition to the principle of a protective Tariff.

This is the usual conduct of a mob. Its impulse, not reason. It first acts and then reflects. It moves blindly, and is just as apt to wound its friends as its foes. Its first success, even in a righteous cause, intoxicates as well as emboldens it—hurrying it into outrages growing at once to疯狂—communal liberty; the result is glorious—discontent and general contempt!

STUMP ORATORY.

Our old *confere*, says the American, Morgan Bates, editor of the Detroit Advertiser, we have stated before is travelling the wolverine state with the federal candidate for Governor. Here is one of his speeches, as reported in the Niles Republican. If Morgan did talk that nonsense may heaven forgive him—we cannot:

I am not prepared to say much. I have not enough physical strength to expose the ramifications of this corrupt administration. I look upon Gov. Barry as a great *Bar*. He is not a polished gentleman. I always feel awkward when I attempt to make a speech; but at this time I feel an honest pride in presenting before you such a man as Zina Pitcher, for the office of Governor. I hold up before you, (Dr. Pitcher rises,) a man—a gentleman—refined—polished! One who will never bring a stain upon the whig cause—No—never! I have known him from a boy! Yes, we were boys together. He was a poor boy! He worked for a living!—Yes, he worked by the month for eight dollars!! in a saw-mill! Yes, more, he chopped the logs!!! (Weep, O ye sons of men, even Zina Pitcher cut saw logs!) In this way he got his education, and these are your reasons why you should give him your votes!

TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and *hug* something is a word dictated by a good disposition. It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a sooth influence over the minds of the whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the bad feelings of the natural heart. Smiles, kind words and looks, characterize the children, and peaceful words and looks have their dwelling there. Study them to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty, and in the close of life remains all its freshness and power.

COMICAL CONFERENCE.—The Chinese commissioners entertained Sir Henry Pottinger at Nanking prior to a settlement of the terms of peace. “Ningorous parties,” says Captain Lock, “of unjaded meat, pork, arrowroot, vermicelli soup, with meat in it, pig’s ear soup, and other dishes, were served in succession, in small china and silver basins; and in proportion to our various capabilities in making these strange messes disappear, we seemed to rise in the estimation of the hostlers. But human nature could not support this ordeal long, and as a *coup de grace*, Ye King (uncle of the Emperor) insisted upon Sir Henry opening his mouth while he with great dexterity, shot into it several immense sugar-plums. I shall never forget Sir Henry’s face of determined resignation after he found remonstrances were of no avail; nor the figure of Ye King as he stood before him in the attitude of a short-sighted old fool threading a needle, passing the *baume lait* between his finger and thumb preparatory to his successful throw.”

The truth is, the circumstances of the country have so changed since the laws on this subject were passed, as to make them inadequate to the existing state of things. The postmaster general cannot alter the laws, and is bound by oath to see them executed as he understands them. He may err; but he must be an odd sort of man, something “very peculiar,” who will willingly err, in a matter of this sort, at the expense of his ease, his popularity, and his reputation. The press, in our opinion, would be more properly and more usefully employed, in exposing the defects of the law and suggesting proper remedies, than in assailing the postmaster general.

LABOR AND RECREATION.—An English paper has the following:

“It is said that in the town of Boston, the girls have made an improvement in ironing, which beats the steam-ironing on common roads all hollow. They spread out all the clothes on a smooth platform, and fasten hot flat-irons to their feet and shake over them. This is combining the recreation with the useful and ornamental.”

A FURTHER PARTY.—A paper, entitled the “New York Citizen,” has been started, advocating the formation of a new party, to be entitled American Republic, with the special object of opposing the encroachments of Popery and other foreign influences.

COMPLIMENT TO NEW ENGLAND.—While in town, Col. Johnson remarked that during his journeys in New England states, and amid all the festivities which he has witnessed, he had never seen an individual in an intemperate state.

Newport, N. H., Argus.

VERMONT.
This State, through its State Convention has declared its preference for Van Buren.

CANDIDATE OF THE WHIGS FOR PRESIDENT.

It is growing more and more evident every day that Henry Clay will be the candidate of the whig party for the Presidency. Consequently all the old issues which formerly divided the two parties will come under discussion. Bank, High Tariff, Distribution, Assumption, Internal Improvement, &c. &c. Democrats prepare for the contest. It is time to think of these matters.

ATTACKS ON PERSONAL CHARACTER. It appears that the gross assaults on personal character which have sometimes disgraced political contests have been in a great measure done away during the recent canvass. We hope all future contests in our state may be conducted with the same forbearance. An effort of different kind should likewise be done away. We mean exalting men’s characters beyond their real worth, so that all who are acquainted with the men know much praise to be unmerited. Ironies and caricatures of this kind as well as the other should be avoided.

EXTENSIVE BUSINESS. In an action for Libe against the Editor of the *Vox Populi*, Lowell, the plaintiff recovered 1 cent damages and 1 cent cost.

MUNICIPAL COURT.

[REPORTED FOR THE AMERICAN.]

OAK AND IRON. Arthur Sturz was put into the State Prison about three years ago. He says he got out last Friday, came immediately to this city, and on his arrival here, found his wife, whom he left here, had cleared out. He therupon, for the first time within three years took something to take. He was next picked up drunk, and put into the watch-house; then arrested for drunkenness, taken out of the watch-house and put in gaol. He was yesterday taken out of gaol into Court, brought in for fine and cost, paid it, and now says he’ll follow in the footsteps of his better half, and clear out of the city.

A GOOD REPORT. An old woman seeing a sailor go by her door, supposing him to be her son William, called out to him, “Billy, where is my cow gone?” The sailor replied in a contemptuous manner, “the d—l for what I know.” “Well, as you are going that way,” said the old woman, “I wish you would let down the bars.”

ART. REPLY. An honest son of Erin, green from his peregrinations, put his head into a lawyer’s office and asked the master, “what do you sell here?” “Blackheads,” replied the limb of the law. “Och! then to be sure,” said Pat, “it must be a good trade; for I see that there’s only one left.”

A KNOWING ONE. A gentleman informs the press, that while he was on a visit to Weir’s painting in Faneuil Hall, his attention was attracted by a dandy who had taken a seat near him.—“Where is Columbus?” inquired the fop.

“He does not appear on this picture—it is the depiction of the Pilgrims.”

“Oh! no; he does not—I remember he came over afterwards!”

ONE OF THE EPISCOPAL PARISHES ON STATEN ISLAND. whose rector exhibited himself as a Puseyite, at the late convention, have dismissed him from their service.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION OF CONNECTICUT in their late session elected six delegates to the National Convention, thus repudiating the right of the people to elect by districts. Of course they are for Van Buren.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF CONGRESS. The Savanna Republican of the 16th, announces the death of Col. John Millen, of that city, member elect to Congress. He was about forty years of age.

Snow. There was snow in Ulster Co. N. Y. last week, and fine sleighing in Herkimer on the 18th. Also, snow in Buffalo on Tuesday, 2 feet deep.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.—A young lady astonished a party, the other day, by asking for the loan of a diminutive argenteous truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations, or in other words, a thumb.

The Libel Case. Our Brother Adams had his trial on Wednesday. The Jury after an absence of an hour and a half, brought in a verdict of *not guilty*. We rejoice with our Br. that he has escaped from the meshes of the law.—True Washingtonian.

Look out for the “godlike”—The great Quaker intends to make a tour South this winter, commencing next month.

GEORGIA.—All the counties except one have been heard from and Crawford, Whig candidate for Governor, has 2441 majority. The Whig member of congress have been elected by about the same majority.

TENNESSEE.—Ephraim H. Foster and Spencer Jarmon, were elected U. S. Senators by the Tennessee Legislature on the 17th inst.—Whigs

Take a well dressed, swell loafer, put him on a sofa, and rest one end of the sofa on the shoulder of a farmer, and the other end on the shoulder of a mechanic, and you have an illustration of the ‘upper’ and the ‘lower’ classes of society.

JOHN CHARLES T. MITCHELL of Portland, Oregon, Mitchell, the forger and ex-member of Congress, was paroled on Wednesday by Governor Bouck,

It was stated at a meeting of the seamstresses, that some of the poor girls received only one cent for an hour’s hard work from the big bug employers, and were paid off in copper coin purchased at the toll-houses, et c. discount! Surely, the age of chivalry is gone. A tailor who would do this is less than the ninth part of a man—Atlas.

A most dreadful curse for a ghilling!—Is that all? said a penurious patient to an apothecary, who dealt out an emetic; ‘can’t you give me more?’

BRIEF DIALOGUE. “Hello! boy—whose is that red house on the top of the hill?”

“My father’s.”

“It isn’t every boy that knows his own father.”

“Who is yours?”

“Mother’s husband.”

“That is very probable, but I would like to know who your father and your mother are.”

“I will inform you sir. They are the parents of an only son who knows how to practice the wise decrees of king Solomon.”

“In what way?”

“By answering a fool according to his folly.”

“Our friend of the Skowhegan Clarion is sickly. Hear the awful criter:—

A REGULAR DUN.—“We want money, and must and will have it, and if those who are owing us for the paper and advertising two years and upwards, do not ‘fork over’ we shall endeavor to get our due in some shorter way than we have heretofore pursued. Printers cannot live upon air better than other folks, and as for paying debts with nothing, it is out of the question; it can’t be done, so hand over.”

TALL. They have a man in Vermont so tall that he cannot tell when his feet are cold.

DIED.

In Savannah, Georgia, Oct. 13th, Miss Abigail S. Blake, daughter of Capt. Stephen Blake of this town, aged 23 years.

Then hast gone dearest one, and tell us why In a foreign land, there didst droop and die?

Say why didst thou leave thy early home, And breathe out thy spirit to God alone?

And yet not alone—the stranger had friends Waiting to see her breed spirit ascend;

Blest Angel, sita there, to comfort her stay,

Tell Jesus, Lord, her pure spirit away.

My child thou hast gone to thy early rest,

Thou sleepest, but not on thy mother’s breast,

No father, with arms extended to save,

Can wring thy life dust, or weep o’er thy grave.

Thou sleepest alone—thy spirit shall rise,

And find a loved one with thee in the skies,

With her thou shalt walk the hours of life,

And shall stay no more in a world like this.

The cold dews of death are wiped from thy brow,

And thou whom we mourn art an Angel nigh,

Farewell! till we meet on yonder blessed shore;

Where sickness and sorrow can blight no more.

[Com.

THOU sleepest alone—thy spirit shall rise,

And find a loved one with thee in the skies,

With her thou shalt walk the hours of life,

And shall stay no more in a world like this.

The cold dews of death are wiped from thy brow,

And thou whom we mourn art an Angel nigh,

Farewell! till we meet on yonder blessed shore;

Where sickness and sorrow can blight no more.

[Com.

THOU sleepest alone—thy spirit shall rise,

And find a loved one with thee in the skies,

With her thou shalt walk the hours of life,

And shall stay no more in a world like this.

The cold dews of death are wiped from thy brow,

And thou whom we mourn art an Angel nigh,

Farewell! till we meet on yonder blessed shore;

Where sickness and sorrow can blight no more.

[Com.

THOU sleepest alone—thy spirit shall rise,

And find a loved one with thee in the skies,

With her thou shalt walk the hours of life,

And shall stay no more in a world like this.

The cold dews of death are wiped from thy brow,

And thou whom we mourn art an Angel nigh,

Farewell! till we meet on yonder blessed shore;

Where sickness and sorrow can blight no more.

[Com.

THOU sleepest alone—thy spirit shall rise,

And find a loved one with thee in the skies,

With her thou shalt walk the hours of life,

And shall stay no more in a world like this.

The cold dews of death are wiped from thy brow,

And thou whom we mourn art an Angel nigh,

Farewell! till we meet on yonder blessed shore;

Where sickness and sorrow can blight no more.

[Com.

THOU sleepest alone—thy spirit shall rise,

And find a loved one with thee in the skies,

With her thou shalt walk the hours of life,

And shall stay no more in a world like this.

The cold dews of death are wiped from thy brow,

And thou whom we mourn art an Angel nigh,

Farewell! till we meet on yonder blessed shore;

Where sickness and sorrow can blight no more.

[Com.

THOU sleepest alone—thy spirit shall rise,

And find a loved one with thee in the skies,

With her thou shalt walk the hours of life,

And shall stay no more in a world like this.

The cold dews of death are wiped from thy brow,

And thou whom we mourn art an Angel nigh,

Farewell! till we meet on yonder blessed shore;

Where sickness and sorrow can blight no more.</p

